¶ *An earneſt perſwaſion vnto the Pa-*
ſtours of Chriſtes Churche, wher-
ſoeuer thei be diſperſed, but eſpecially vnto
his Churche of Englande: That as thei
haue thruſte the Plough ſhare into the grounde, ſo ze-
louſly and watchfully to walke forth right,
not leanyng to the left hande, neither
tournyng to the right. For who
ſo lateth hold of the plough
and looketh backe, is
not apte for the
kingdome
of
heauen.

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To the christian Reader.

Et no man that shall reade, or heare this reade, or any thing within this booke conteined, thinke or imagine the writer hereof is perswaded, or goeth about to perswade, by any woorde, within this booke, that it were meete or conuenient, for any Preacher or Minister, to appoint vnto hymself, either cappe or other garmente: but that theiare all bounde by the duetie of their allegance, to weare and doe, all suche orders as the Prince shall appoint them, to imitate and followe, or els with saint Peter, by the winde of God, to confuse the same, as neither lawfull nor necessarie. And not by their euill example, suffer the truthe to be shadowed and darckened, the forwarde fathers to bee by the Papistes, condemned as rashe and vnaduised doers. But either to proue them so, or els to defende their quarell, and be content to bowe their shoulders to the bearyng of the crosse, the whiche who so refuse to doe

ſhalbe founde loyterers, and not true labourers. To whom theſe fewe woordes are dedicated and directed, I truſte none other thyng then by the ſincere truthe, maie be ſufficiently ſupported and defended. I deſire you not to eſteme this to bee dooen of arrogancie, neither to haue any ill meanyng, but onely to craue at your handes, ſome ſhorte pitthie woorke to ſatiffie all men. For a great nomber of the late villain no wiſe now goe backe to their old leſſons, [beyng now further and muche better conſtructed] then to defile themſelues with the giltines of this crime: to the condemnyng of all thoſe reuerende fathers, which haue followed the Apoſtles, in the puritie of perfecte religion, receiued from the primatiue churche. But deſire rather to steppe forwarde ſtill, vntill it ſhall pleaſe God to baniſhe al ſuperſticion clene out of this churche, whiche he ſone bring to paſſe for his Chriſtes ſake. Amen,

AMEN.

¶ The voyce of GOD

vnto his Churche.

Wrapped in wofull wose,
with dolefull dolours depe:
In sobbing sighes & trillyng teares
halfe wakyng halfe a slepe.

Ye thought I heard the voice,
of God whiche thus did sayer:
Unto his pastors of this churche,
Awake it is clere daie.

You maie not slumber now,
nor walke as in the night:
ye must doe the worke of the daie,
whiche now shines faire and bright.

(Why) haue ye hardned hartes,
let them be molified:
Why will you wayke and wauer stile,
stande fast and doe not slide.

Beware thou wauer not,
and wayke with euery winde:
Steppe forward still and stagger not,
be not ledde by the blinde.

If thou haue slepte a wyle,
to starte backe is no shame:
If in the plaine pathe thou videst walke,
walke forthe right in the same.

Let not the worldly pompe,
be vnto you a yoke:
Clense all your groundes and suffer not,
the thornes my wheate to choke,
(Fabius Maximus,
that valiaunt wise capitaine:
Whose noble acts, the Romaines olde,
in greate renoume retaine,
Beyng offered the Troune,
refusyng (it) he saied,
Moche more honour then happinesse,
vnto the crowne is teide,
He saied) who knewe the charge,
and eke the cares mosse greate,
Would not vouchesafe to take it by,
findyng it in the streate.
Muche lesse honour to holde,
whereby he should stande bounde:
Not (onely) his owne conscience,
but others to consounde.
My Prophetes all are suche,
as will in no wise like:
That ye should wander in by waies,
as one that weare to seke.
When ye did first professe,
to fauour myne estate:

you vowed then with ferueut harte,
my lawes to celebrate:
And when your wanton toyes,
wherein you tooke solace:
Had caused me to cast you of,
and tourne from you my face.
When for your iuste desertes,
I semed to set you light:
suffryng your foes, to spread the fieldes,
with banners of despight.
And when your Godlie guides,
for your dealynges vniuste:
Were troden doune defaced eke:
and some consumed to duste.
Then could you call and crie,
then could you make greate mone:
Then if I would berome your frende,
you would (serue) me alone.
Then all adulterous waies,
ye would detest and hate:
Promesse you made (not to pollute)
my house in any rate.
You sated you would be seen,
in no wanton attire:
But that you would reformed be,
as I should best require.

But all to sone I see,
you haue forgotte this geare:
You are become wilde Calues againe,
you are not as ye weare.
If for obedience,
you seme to tourne that waie:
And are content to please mennes mindes,
and my will disobeye.
In this you haue doen ill,
thus to famishe my flocke:
To feede those healte Gods that of,
you make a laughyng stocke,
I would that you should not,
offende my little ones:
Nor dandlyng thus your dissembiers,
dashe myne against the stones.
(Oh) why doe ye deuise,
to make my waies more darcke:
And force my flocke to slippe backwarde,
when thei would hit the marke.
My little litte Lambes,
whom ye should feede and cherishe:
By bryngyng in this geare againe,
thei are now like to perishe.
What your conscience will doe,
that thei doe moste abhorre:

And ye condempne my true preachers,
as though thei ran to farre.
Whereby you doe auouche,
the Papistes whiche doe sate:
Some runne to slowe, and some to swift,
in them there is no state.
But walke ye forwarde still,
and I will them perswade:
Thei can not winne the garlande so,
excepte thei deeper wade.
Suche are ne whot ne colde,
like them thei would you weare:
But of their filthie cuppe drincke not,
it is to bitter geare.
Thou shalt commit no ill,
that good maie happe thereby:
And yet thou art become so blinde,
thou seest not thy folly.
But tourne to me thine eare,
and listen to my lore:
No newe founde toye I will thee tell,
but that hath been before.
Some little ones I haue,
that so farre forthe are growne:
That suffer will moste greuous paines,
to haue myne honour knowne.

Your waies are not my waies,
your thoughtes are not like myne:
Not you but I worke my one workes,
yet not as you define.
In some despised ones,
my honour for the I spredde:
For thei are of my chosen churche,
whereof I am the hedde.
Not all the worldly wise,
but some suche as appere:
Moste simple to the wicked worlde,
those are my children deare.
You moste talke francklie now,
it is no tyme to flatter:
We maie not here loke for greate sheaues,
but rake in those that scatter.
The harvest is nere doen,
but yet the stubble is stoute:
Wherein lieth hid many good eares,
whiche ye must now gleiu out.
You must dispatche in hast,
that all were in my Barne:
Harvest is doen, Winter drawes nere,
late that I you doe warne.
Myne Angell crieth out,
vnto the Harvest manne:

Thrust in thy Sicle on the earth,
prepare the Flaile and Fanne.
For now throughout the earth,
their graine is ripe out right.
The floure must forthwith be cleansed,
and all chaffe blowen out quite.
Spurne not against the packe,
my worke finishe I will:
The dotyng age of this old worlde,
would lye and loyter still.
It is no tyme to gape,
or gaze for pollicie,
For what I haue determined,
that shalbe doen quickly.
Wherefore my Haruestmen,
set to your Sithes with speede:
For those that I finde loyterynge nowe,
I will cast out as weede.
Thinke not your swift cuttyng,
shall cause one graine to fall:
For I haue counted euery eare,
not one corne perishe shall.
You maie sette forthe your selues,
and seme to further me:
Trustyng your wisedomes more then mine
but so it would not be.

You might doe your good willes,
and trust me with the rest:
You might doe what I you commaunde,
and not what you thinke best.

As tymes there are to speake,
and tymes to be silent:
In season and out of season,
in my workes be feruent.

What good seruaunt thinke ye,
in this case could be slacke:
That for one swte forewardes would new,
seme so steppe twoo foote backe.

Not talkers but walkers,
in my harnesse are meete:
Not respecters but directers,
of my rites are mosse feete.

Not daundlers but handlers,
of my worde without cloke:
Not surbe as feare, but as will beare,
my ioyfull crosse and yoke.

Now note what ye haue seen,
in my steppes and that doe:
But doe not seme to helpe my workes,
by addyng yours thereto.

For what haue I to doe,
with you, or your aduice;

In their due tymes I doe all thynges,
to purpose moste propice.

I know there is no prince,
that takes my thynde in hande,
But will heare you and be content,
to haue the truthe well stande.

But O thou merciful,
if you feare truthe to tell:
What would you then to tyrauntes doe,
that are bothe feare and fell.

When Daniell in denne,
laye destitute of aide:
How came Abacuche into hym,
how were the Lions staide.

For Jonas in the sea,
who did prouide the Whale:
And preachyng vnto Ninive,
who did preferre his tale.

What hope had Abrahame,
when he did imolate
At my request his sonne Isaac,
how stoode then his estate.

And what was Jacobs hope,
seruyng his sier Laban:
You knowe well how his face did stande,
and how I holpe hym than.

Of Joseph in Egipte, and of his father olde
and of his father olde:
What I wrought for them in that lande,
long tales might yet be told.

The Papistes looke to haue
miracles at your handes
What miracles might you haue wrought
in this realme of Englande.

The Kings vnto thee you might,
haue staied and stopped fast
The blinde and lame restored to healthes,
and made your foes agast.

Why did you not as I,
example did I heere here:
What Paule received, that he gaue,
his plainesse did appere.

But now you are in my minde,
let this faulte be amended:
And scorne not at this short inditing,
for ye haue sore offended.

I knowe all the flesh is frailte,
and verie prone to fall:
To starte backe when you step aside,
it is no shame at all.

I se how loth you were,
to doe that you haue doen:

And

And eke how sore you doe lament,
that euer it begonne.
Be not slacke to confesse,
nor slowe to tourne again.
Since you doe knowe my will, doe it:
let me not preache in vaine.
As ended were these wordes:
me thoought the planettes seuen,
Did lese their light and streames of blood,
fell forthwith doune from heauen.
Whereby the yearth enfeate,
greuous plagues did ensue:
What I haue heard and seen ye knowe,
Gods peace be now with you.
I tell you what I heard,
and eke what I haue seen:
The Angelles of almightie God,
defende our noble Quene.
Whose mightie maiestie,
preserue her grace from smarte:
And powre his spirite plentifully,
into her noble harte.
Ye graunt her his good will,
that she as willyngly:
Maie hym embrace, and bende her harte,
to banishe all Poperie.

The euer(beyng)God,
graunt this as I haue praied:
Amen, Amen of echo good harte,
so be it now be saied.

FINIS.

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